

KANM Student
Radio

OSCILLATIONS

A Stream of
Consciousness
Zine



Art!
Poetry!
Stories!
Recipes!
Reviews!
Photography!

VOL 5

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ABOUT THE ZINE:

The soon to be FM (can I say this?) station known currently as **KANM.ORG** presents to you our 5th **edition** of our semesterly zine. This body of work is made through the collective effort of the **KANM** members, general members, DJs, our officers, and our advisors. They're acknowledged below but it begs reiterating. This is the 5th (4th as zine dude) and final zine I have worked at my time at **KANM**. I'm abandoning my post as I must graduate. **KANM's** openness felt like a launchpad for my time here at Texas A&M and my life, I've been in this org for 4 years and I couldn't imagine spending my time here any other way. Lifelong friends, memories, niche music, etc... Go out there and do **shit** and do it through **KANM** and with **KANM** and because of **KANM** and for **KANM**, but also for *yourself*... Make a **KANM** shirt design, make your own **KANM** shirt, make your own **KANM** accessories, make your own band with other **KANMers**, make your own art with other **KANMers**, find a house to live with your fellow **KANMers**, go to parties with your **KANMers**, throw a house show with **KANMers**. Join the **KANM** officer team and help the org, don't join the officer team, and still help the org. Do all these things regardless if it is for **KANM** or not. Go out there and make what you want to happen, happen. Don't wait for someone else to do it, you must do it. There may be no other time in your life that where you have as much freedom to fuck around and try new things with so much energy in your soul and body. A not so wise man once said, "university is a great place to think," I humbly say, "university is a great place to do."

- Joshua Melquiades Reyes, KANMer



Me as a cat
sorting this zine
out without any
Ad*be products

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MASSIVE ATTACK ANGEL VIDEO

WRITTEN BY WYNN
ART BY GINGER

You've

had a nightmare like this before. (And might've or might've not put it in the #dreams channel, I respect your decision either way). You're falling down a seemingly never-ending cliff. You're dawning on the realization that something awful has happened but you can't explain it yet. You're doing a presentation and realize you either a) don't have any clothes on b) are completely blanking on a script or c) both.



The video released in 2001 for "Angel" off of British trip-hop group Massive Attack's third studio album *Mezzanine* involves an ever-growing angry mob tailing Bristol-hailing founding instrumentalist and DJ "Daddy G" to a soundtrack of an ever-growing intensity of drums, chords, or in other words an overall masterclass in musical clashes. Opening in a parking lot (or "car park" for those UK-inclined) presumably after work, we are greeted by the echoing, heartbeat-adjacent rhythm that will continue to guide us throughout the pilgrimage. Passing through various phases of wispy shadows strung along by eerie lyrics proclaiming "you are my angel, come from way above..." the tense





march commences. Abruptly, other figures ("blokes", (other MA members 3D, Mushroom, and Horace Andy)) leave their vehicles or seemingly spring from the dark, chilly air as alarm starts to rise. Subsequent crescendos and warped sampled drum bits of the "Last Bongo in Belgium" by The Incredible Bongo Band add to our plight as our protagonist begins to appear more and more unsettled. A little after the two-minute mark, more figures scramble unnaturally quickly onto the scene to join the horde. As everyone picks up the pace, the atmospheric instrumentals match perfectly as they continuously become more severe and convoluted. By 2:30, a full sprint ensues, minus a slightly humorous bit where Horace Andy (the song's vocalist) stays back for a dramatic eye-of-the-storm moment but then jogs to return to the others. Armed with nothing but the hope of an

arrow pointing forward to an exit ahead, the mad dash continues against a now-seethingly angry group all in slow motion. Heavy breathing, full strides, beads of sweat, and a crashing wave of different guitars evocative of The Cure's Pornography-era work culminate as Daddy G reaches his alleged destination. The hypnotizing and fluttering beats begin to subside as he faces down his pursuers. He flashes a quaint smile and receives some sardonic (but accurate!) responses, only to realize they are copying his every move. He slowly approaches, switching his flight to fight response in a sense, and soon after full-on charges into the crowd of now hundreds sending them into utter disarray.



Should you face your fears head-on?
Depends

Do you have to come to terms with yourself?
Probably

Future function inspo for a rave in a British parking lot on a dreary night?
Mayhaps



If ecco2k had a jumper?

by liam ramsey

As we approach the NBA playoffs, I bet one question has been circling your mind: **what if each member of Drain Gang had an NBA player comp?** Pat

yourself on the back because you just manifested it into reality. Hope you enjoy me rambling about some of my fixations. **Active players only. Let us begin...**



trae young

I think that the conversation surrounding rap-adjacent producers tends to overlook certain people. Perhaps to the average rap fan who knows of **drain gang**, **Whitearmor** is some weird Swedish guy that has producer credits on much of the **bg** stuff. Maybe they know him as one of Yung Lean's main producers. It's a little sad when **Whitearmor** only gets his flowers around the time of every album release - upon the release of **Crest**, **Whitearmor** may have seen his biggest recognition yet, which faded after just a few weeks. Few recognize **Whitearmor** as one of the most talented producers alive, and I think it's time to have those conversations.

Just like how **Whitearmor** is relegated to the quirky, online, and overlooked sector of music, **Trae Young** is relegated to the **Atlanta Hawks**. I saw a stat a few days ago that said the **Hawks** are 750-750 in their last 1500 NBA games. That is quite literally generational mid, stretching back to before Kyle Lowry was even drafted. That man Lowry is old as hell. Outside of their 2021 Eastern Conference Finals run, the **Hawks** have been banished to

the dreadful "mid" section of the East standings, partly because of terrible draft decisions, partly because of an incompetent front office. Although **Ice Trae** has been labeled "overrated" in the past, in the year of our lord 2024 not a soul cares about the **Atlanta Hawks**. Therefore, could you still say he is overrated? I think he's the opposite. Can you believe he almost wasn't an all-star this year, averaging 26 and 11?

Both **Young** and **Whitearmor** are experts in setting their teammates up for success, and both deserve more recognition than they're getting.

lameo ball



thaiboy
digital

Is there anyone on earth that has more fun in their profession than these two guys? This selection is mostly based on vibes. These two operate with a certain kind of confidence and aloofness that's not common even among rappers and athletes. **LaMelo**, a member of the 2016 Chino Hills squad (considered possibly the best high school basketball team of all time), has known the spotlight since he was quite young, which probably contributes to his attitude. His father's **3ig BallerBrand** was barreling into mainstream basketball fame when he was entering high school. Despite the immense pressure, **LaMelo** has proven to be the best player among his talented brothers.

The **Hornets** as a whole, on the other hand, are pretty terrible at NBA basketball. The other day I saw a video of them on Twitter unboxing iced out **Hornets-themed** jewelry. That was hilarious to me because, like, what are they even doing? Since 2000, the **Hornets** have the second worst team record in the NBA, going **767-1062**. They are the definition of a losing franchise. But when they can cling onto survival through **LaMelo's** between-the-legs off-the-glass alley-oops, the owners don't seem to care too

LaMelo is definitely one of my favorite players right now. And at this point in his musical career, I would say **Thaiboy** is quite a distance from the experimentation of his labelmates **BLADEE** and **ecco2k**, but that's completely fine. He still makes bangers and his songs still find a way onto my playlist. This kind of stylistic consistency is totally fine when you're *Him*.

kawhi leonard



To many reading this I bet this selection makes sense already. Both **Kawhi** and **Bladee** are shy, socially awkward guys who prefer to let their talents speak for themselves. **Kawhi** is often described as being "built in a lab" and a "basketball robot". The reasons for **Kawhi's** disposition stem from unfortunate circumstances. Meanwhile, **Bladee** is just Swedish.

Kawhi is just one of three (along with LeBron and Kareem) to win a finals MVP with different teams. The Raptors run is especially impressive because he was only there for one year and won them their only chip. Right now, the west is a dogfight, and his **Opponent** have a real chance of stealing the #1 seed. Kawhi's excellence has brought his team success at multiple different points throughout his career, from the Spurs, to the Raptors, to the **Opponent**.

The same can be said about **Bladee**! You never hear people shut up about **Gluee**, his earliest major work, an album lost in an abyss of reverb and drug-fueled mumbles over slow, airy beats. Funny enough, this album released the same year **Kawhi** got his first finals MVP with the Spurs (in 2014). Even ten years removed from this release, **Bladee** is still releasing quality music. Some of my favorites are the **Ripsquad**-produced **Icedancer** (2018) and the ethereal **Crest** (2022).

This is about the extent of information I could find relating to **brain gang** and the **NBA**



shai gilgeous-alexander



AURA. What else is there to say? These two are the most stylish in their respective fields. **Shai** has all of the **OKC Thunder** wearing **Rick Owens**... in **Oklahoma City**. That's always been funny to me. I wonder if there are any retailers in the state of Oklahoma that sell Rick. **Ecco**, on the other hand, could easily ditch music for a modeling career. While having style is easy for artists and athletes, these two hold the unique ability to make straight men question their sexuality through fit pics and instagram captions.

"My whole life is consistent." -**Shai Gilgeous-Alexander** (when asked about the consistency of his recent performances). Death, taxes, and **Shai** scoring 31. He's hit that number 12 times this season. The next closest for a player is 2 times. These performances have made him a strong MVP candidate and have secured **OKC** a top 2 seed in a cutthroat Western Conference. We are most likely watching a dynasty form before our very own eyes. Sam Presti is a legend for forming this squad (with approximately one billion draft picks to spare).

Just like the other members, **Ecco** has been consistently releasing great music throughout his career. When I saw him live, he performed his 2013 single "Hold Me Down Like Gravity" next to **PXE** tracks released in 2021, both equally captivating. Just like his music, his sense of style is ethereal and unique. It's difficult to identify any piece he's wearing at a time. Nobody really dresses like him, and if they do, it's because of his influence - just like **Shai**.

After extensive research, **brain gang** and the **NBA** do not have much in common. Despite this, I made the brave decision to be the first to compare the two. Now for my Finals prediction that will be printed on dozens of copies of this zine forever:



in 6. Goodbye :)

How the Fit Comes Together

by Izzy Petersen

Whenever I'm amassing a fit to go to a function or bars or something, I always jump at the chance to wear the most impractical, over-the-top outfit in one of the few socially acceptable contexts for me to get weird with what I wear and have fun doing it.



I was always a huge jock growing up and never really ventured out beyond what the other girls on the swim team wore, but I was secretly obsessed with everything Tumblr fashion. I remember getting my first smartphone and downloading Pinterest shortly after, and then spent hours and hours after school each day scrolling through outfits that were cross-posted from Tumblr blogs. I had these huge collections of Pinterest boards where I organized years of my life into specific fashion movements that were happening online. The first one that I really connected with was the "art hoe" movement in 2016ish. I was obsessed with the bright makeup, funky clothes, and endless accessories that went with it PLUS it had to do with art which I loved because I was taking art history at the time.

I began to re-blog all of these different Tumblr influencers, but my favorite was this one British girl who was all over Pinterest, and I eventually figured out that she had a makeup YouTube channel which I started to watch out of curiosity. I would just rewatch her doing my favorite makeup looks and eventually watched it

so many times that I was pretty sure I could replicate it even though I never really had done makeup before. I stole my sister's liquid eyeliner and started to practice winged liner in the bathroom so no one could see how awful it looked. Best of all, I could wash it off whenever it started looking like shit and just start over. Eventually, I realized that if I spent long enough trying and rewatching that video, I could make something somewhat passable to the point where I could go outside without looking awful.

Makeup was a great place to start because I could cobble together a full face and wear normal clothes underneath it, and I just kept practicing by getting ready super slowly after swim team so I could be late to my first class. And all at the same time, I was still relying on the Pinterest algorithm to show me the latest alternative fashion trends and kept re-blogging those clothes even though I was never going to wear them. But once Covid hit, things changed dramatically. I was in my final year of high school and was super into eighties goth music so, naturally, I was saving tons of pictures from "trad" goth influencers to my phone. Being stuck inside with the choice of either hanging out with my parents or staying in my room, I pretty much just sat and scrolled through TikTok, Instagram, and Pinterest every waking hour of my life. With so little stimulus beyond that, I began to get more elaborate with my makeup beyond my established school routine. I started trying to do the huge eyeliner and intricate contour from TikTok and found more YouTubers with retro themed makeup tutorials. As I got better and better, I began to feel a bit braver about wearing the clothes that the people in those videos wore, and started ordering things online that I liked that were a bit more interesting than just a big t-shirt and tiny shorts. By my freshman move-in date, I could do full Twiggy-style eyeliner and had enough carefully researched clothes that I had the confidence to wear in public because I finally felt like I was good enough at makeup.

However, my opportunities for wearing fun outfits outside of my dorm were extremely limited. I remember one day spending at least two hours getting ready just to stand in line for Panda at the MSC just in case anyone saw me and thought I was cool enough to be their friend. I eventually joined ASS, my cave org, and once I got in, I started getting invited to parties and had more opportunities to practice my looks. And best of all, people started telling me they liked my outfits! I was really excited to be out of the "oh no does this even look okay to go outside" zone into the "I need to look even cooler this time to top my last look" zone and everything began to escalate from there. Nobody really dressed like me at my cave org; it was pretty much just nerdy ex-Boy Scouts who turned grunge and a handful of super outdoorsy girls. In an environment where I already stuck out, I was able to get crazier and crazier with my looks and people didn't seem to mind how ridiculously overdressed I was for every event. So I just kept on going, and by the time I joined KANM, I started to really get the hang of things and felt really confident in my skills so I just kept doing what I loved.





The funniest thing about this was the fact that it coincided with stuff getting opened back up again post-Covid, so outfits that I once wore in an environment with just friends became the same outfits I wore when we would all go out to bars. Whenever I was hanging out with them, we all never thought twice about what I wore, but once I started going to places like Northgate, people began staring and I LIVED for that. College Station doesn't really have a huge rep for including diverse fashion styles like big cities so I was the only one who was doing anything like this in my usual bar-going circles, especially at my favorite haunt Hurricane Harry's. I just kept pushing the boundaries to wear the most ridiculous borderline-costume to that country bar every single Thursday without fail with a full beat and at least one pair of huge lashes. I occasionally got some mean looks, but most of the time, a random drunk girl would come up and tell me she loved my outfit, and me, being drunk myself, would just eat up the compliment and felt like the baddest bitch by the time the night was over. I started going out so much that I began to exhaust all of my normal-ish clothes and had to start getting creative to avoid being a serial outfit repeater, and that was when I really started to push the boundary of what was an acceptable amount of clothes for a woman to wear. Growing up as a swimmer, I was pretty comfortable in my own skin just from having to spend so much of my life in a swimsuit around a bunch of my friends. Being self-conscious about modesty means nothing when everyone you know has

seen you shivering your ass off at 5am in a tiny one-piece swimsuit. Once I quit swimming, I kept working out to maintain the muscle I put on by lifting weights and rock-climbing multiple times a week. This kept me feeling proud of my body because it showed how hard I worked at the gym instead of falling into the trap of restricting my diet to fit a certain standard of what a woman should look like. Because of this, I was never really bothered by my skirts getting shorter and my tops getting tinier because this allowed me to have more creative freedom with my clothes and cram as many accessories on as humanly possible.

Discovering this creative aspect of putting together a final look allowed me to start making my outfits my own and made getting ready to go out one of my favorite parts of my week. I always build my outfits around one specific statement item and choose things that suit it best, whether that be a particular eyeliner style or what gigantic boots I'm going to wear that night. Plus, the limited budget coupled with a crippling shopping addiction always results in an unusual combo of shitty Taobao chic and funky thrift store finds that keeps things interesting.



Unfortunately, it is a creative process and not just a planned ordeal so I still have a tendency to fuck up stupid stuff on my makeup which makes me late to everything ever. But it's still worth it! I love dressing up and clothes are awesome and being overdressed to any given event is the best feeling of all.



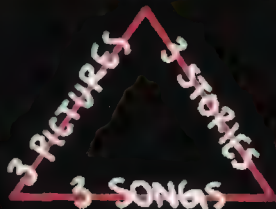
TL;DR

I JUST KEPT FUCKING
around & finding out,
and through trial &
error, I got good
enough at my basic
makeup/fashion skills
that I started doing
my own shit to push
the boundaries of
what is socially
acceptable to wear
while being the hottest
MA at the function

B^> designed by harsh

PHANTOM POINTS

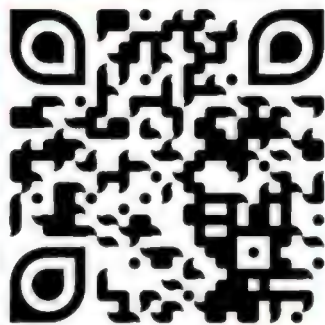
Phantom Points is three things all at once.



all of them coexisting and inspiring the creation of one another. I made the drawings first, then the stories, then the songs, and with each step I based much of what came to mind off of what the content of the previous step(s) conveyed to me.

So, at the risk of coming across a little bit pompous, for the "full experience" you should scan that QR code beneath this intro, it'll take you to a bandcamp page where you can listen to the songs intended to accompany what else I came up with. I hope you enjoy what I've put together. :)

Content warning: this is an attempt to express some intense emotions that I experience, and while I want to be honest and not omit any of the severity, I also don't want to ruin your day. I want my work to be seen/heard, but I also know these are not easy things to read about. If you're sensitive to the discussion of addiction, depression, and grief, proceed carefully. If you do stick around, I appreciate it very much. If not, either way, have a lovely day ♥



WSS
ooo
Brylucy



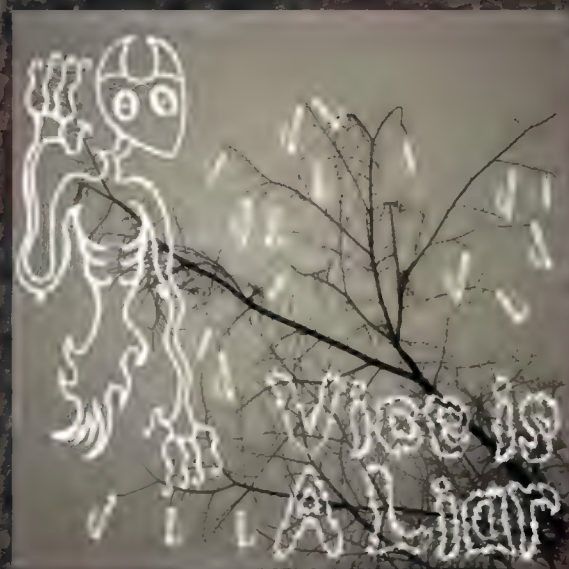
PHANTOM POINTS

Out through the window, you see a phantom flying. Over the fencepost, they wait for you to join them. Souls parted from bodies, parted from owners that did not wish to care for them. You see so many of the specters out there, gliding atop the grassblades. A hard question crosses your mind. How many have possessed a soul they did not want? How many had beating hearts they only wished would stop?

Before the wondering has time to weigh you down, the very apparition that led you here appears before you. They stretch out a hand, but don't say a thing. Yet, even without a word exchanged, you know what they offer. When a breathing body meets a stray soul, when your hand meets theirs, you will become untethered. Ageless, weightless. A phantom.

What would be left behind? What impression would remain? Upon the severance, a phantom point will always linger where you last took breath, an outline of what was, the faintest silhouette of you. There is a moment, a terrifying moment, where you consider it. You drop down, tears already falling as you curl up. Yet, through weeping eyes, you start to see faces. You read their names, hear their voices. You stand up, wipe the tears away, and begin the walk back home.

You have plenty of life left to live.



An Addict is an Anxious Child

Vice so often wears the face of a friend. Through a friendly visage, the promise of companionship, it takes hold. It offers so much, but speaks not a word of what it will take. So many have aided Vice in its spread, but they are no more to blame for handing you the stuff than you are for taking it. All of us have fallen for the temptation of easy, quick comfort. A drink to relax the tongue, a smoke to ease the body, it is difficult to resist.

Some don't bother resisting anymore. Vice becomes a trait, a character marker. It becomes a greater part of my identity than I ever wanted, or ever could have expected. But, I've known nothing else that could comfort me like this, I've never known a love that craves me the way that Vice craves me, my body, my mind. If they can still be called mine.

An addict is an anxious child. We were and still are insecure, nervous children, who did not find the relief we expected from those who should have provided it. A substance can deceive the user into feeling a kind of peace we've never known. But, that is all it is. A deception. A carefully curated fiction Vice whispers in our ears, as comfort turns into reliance, wanting becomes needing, and we become dependent. Vice is a liar, and you are stronger than it wants you to believe.



♥ Hey Love. Haven't Heard From You In A While ♥

My Mother's tears always go unseen. She insists on hiding them, always has. My Mother does not know her own strength. She believes she cannot show us her sadness, or we might become victim to it, and lose faith in her. But, we already know she is stronger than any of us ever could be. To wake up looking into the eyes of a man she loves, glassy eyes that recognize her less and less with each day's passing, and still choose to take care of him and love him? What is that, if not strength?

She has taken on this burden, and in spite of her own grief has never failed to be there to comfort us as we confront the same loss that she lives with, day in, day out. It is not a sudden, tragic shock, but a slow, lumbering adversity. It could very well reduce us to dust, but not her. She could never be brought low, and her strength will inspire me to ensure I don't go any lower.

I will not be another reason for my Mother to cry.

Dedicated to my mom, the strongest of us all, and to my sister Sophie, still remembered, still loved.



Internal Memo
Hunter S. Fischer,
Director of Planning and Development Services
City of KANM Student Radio

Online Urbanism

Intro. -

Interest in urbanism, the study of how people in cities interact with the built environment, has risen online dramatically in the past few years. Specifically, there's interest in how people interact with car-centric cities and how walkable a city is. Youtube channels like NotJustBikes, Wendover Productions, and Adam Something accumulate millions of views talking about good and bad urbanism. Some of the videos have an elitist and unrealistic expectation for post-war American cities. What I see currently are many people in online spaces who care deeply about walkable cities and changing their communities for the better. Although, there is a strong undercurrent of elitism when all 26 lanes of the Katy Freeway are posted and it's implied that Houstonians are stupid.

Pt. I - A Walkable Houston.

In almost every conceivable way, walkable cities and good urbanism are better than what we have in most of America. I don't feel it's necessary to explain why more efficient use of space and reduced emissions from personal vehicles is better for the environment, nor do I feel it is necessary either to explain how the increased isolation resulting from our current built environment has had negative impacts on the national psyche. That's all been talked to death.

I don't think how drastic of a change it would be to turn most American cities from car-centric to walkable has been talked about enough. Houston, Texas and Paris, France have roughly the same population, not including the metro area, at around 2 million people. Paris' city limit covers around 40 square miles where Houston's is 665 square miles. For Houston to achieve the same density, 94% of what is already built would have to be torn down or abandoned. Whatever is already in that new 40 square miles that is now Houston, would also need to be leveled and rebuilt. You know, since a lot of it is parking lots and large roadways. Extreme example, I know.

Something like this happened to many Rust Belt cities, although for reasons outside of anyone's control. The oil crisis and the general loss of industry in America devastated this area. For example, Chicago's peak population was 3.6 million in 1950 and dropped to 2.7 mil-

-lion by 2020. Chicago's suburbs and outskirts became almost abandoned after deindustrialization, but it caused the people who stayed to move closer to the city center. It was partially moving closer to jobs, but mostly because the empty suburbs were dangerous. Public transit and walkability measures were implemented a lot easier with most citizens living closer to the city center. That is not a reliable method of promoting urbanism - economic catastrophes resulting in a third of your population leaving. Not to mention how dangerous of a city Chicago was for a long time.

Pt. II - Burnout.

Currently, we live with an excess of information due to the 24 hour news cycle and the Internet. Every time I turn on my phone there's news about a horrible tragedy somewhere in the world, and there is nothing I can do about it. Maybe I can donate a bit of money? Volunteer somehow? Dedicate the next 12 years of my life to medical school and join Doctors Without Borders? Post infographics on my Instagram story? The massive volume of worldwide tragedies and the feeling you can't do anything about them is an easy way to experience activist burnout. There is no feasible way to undo this as planners and placemakers.

This may be part of urbanism's appeal. The scale of these issues is small enough that individual impacts are felt. As mentioned earlier, for Houston to achieve the same population density as Paris, it would need to be completely demolished and rebuilt. However, there are ways in the here and now to improve things. If you can take public transit, you should. The city will run more routes more often if there are more users*. Also, understand that everyone who works for the city is a civil servant. They work at the behest of voters and the city council. Anyone who goes to school to become an urban planner, civil engineer, or landscape architect knows our current system is flawed and would most likely love to do something about it. The best we can do is educate people and hope they make good decisions instead of planning around car-centric infrastructure. If you're particularly motivated, try running for public office. If you care about implementing walkability measures, speak at city council meetings. If you can't do any of that, stay informed about local politicians and propositions, and vote appropriately. Try to understand how slow the process really is.

There are many reasons why it takes so long to do almost anything in cities and many of them overlap. Local governments are generally overburdened and lack funding, NIMBYism, and lobbying to name a few. These obstacles have existed as long as cities have existed. There is nothing anyone can do to erase them, but there are ways around them and to mitigate them.

Part III - Supermodernity

Supermodernity, defined as an excess of time, accelerated history, over abundance of events, loss of cultural memory, and foreshortened space by French anthropologist Marc Auge, has critical implications for cities and social movements. I fear that urbanist movements will fall victim to the loss of memory involved with supermodernity. Urban issues are resolved slowly. I worry that by the time a change could be made, all the people currently passionate about urbanism will be passionate about something else entirely and will have forgotten about it when it's important for that original large group to show out. A social movement requires its members to remain committed to its cause. Especially in urbanist movements.

In Supermodernity, people's memory is shortened causing most people in online urbanist spaces to not act thoughtfully or to fully engage with it. There is risk involved with really engaging with a social movement. Sometimes you have to stick your neck out. Sometimes you get burned. The behavior seen online is from people who half-heartedly engage with urbanism. It's thoughtless, and eventually they will move on to another issue. Although, not before posting all 26 lanes of the Katy Freeway and writing a snide caption.

Pt. IV - Combating Despair.

There is an interesting article in the Houston Chronicle by Abigail Rosenthal called "Why does the New York Times always get Texas so wrong?". It was written in response to a NYT article about how demographics in Texas are changing where the author proceeds to stereotype Texans in almost offensive fashion. The Chron article is about how the East Coast elite like to think of Texans as racist, backwards, rubes and generally count out any progressive movements. Online urbanists (cough, cough, NotJustBikes) see places like Houston and say throw the whole city out - anyone who lives there must be stupid - anyone who cares about urbanism should move to Amsterdam. This mindset is obviously flawed, not to mention elitist, and it only serves to inflate the egos of the people who consider themselves to live in the apex of cities. The urbanism that works for Amsterdam may not work for Houston (different climates, topography, culture, economy). It is pedantic to go online and tell people that their city will never achieve what exists in Europe and the East Coast. Or to act like it didn't take centuries to build what you have and that the choices made in non-walkable cities can be reversed overnight*. The appeal of urbanism is the impact an individual can make. Counting out people making changes in their cities will not help the movement. All improvements should be celebrated, even if it's small victories like protected bike lanes on an otherwise unsafe street.

*The cities that get criticized the most were for the most part built out after WWII when planners thought personal automobiles was what should be planned around. The cities that are praised the most were built when people had to walk or ride a horse wherever they went. It's not a fair comparison.

I fear that the culture of urbanism online is becoming a toxic environment. It is exceptionally difficult to ask a group of people to make a lifestyle change. Take veganism for example. They are '100% correct about how cruel factory farms are and how bad they are for the environment. It's not a huge lifestyle change to not eat meat with every meal. It doesn't seem like a big ask, but people freak out when you ask them to reduce their meat consumption. It's not even in a moral gray area. There is a right and wrong way to produce and consume meat, but it's seen as an infringement on people's rights. Urbanists are asking people to give up their second largest assets, their cars.

Public officials act the way they do for a reason. As stated earlier, no one goes to school to add more lanes on the highway or promote bad urbanism. As a designer, I've learned that I have to lead clients into making environmentally conscious decisions. You have to let people arrive at their own conclusions because otherwise they will reject your solutions. However, online urbanists would rather call you stupid. The current trajectory of being pretentious online will be the downfall of online urbanism and ultimately taint the movement for a long time if nothing changes. Online urbanists must be patient, educate, and celebrate even the smallest victories.

Bourgeois movements have to be driven by love!"

V - Love

Love and commitment to one's community is the foundation for any urbanist movement. Car-centric infrastructure was created out of fear and prejudice from the past. People became scared of their neighbors and vague crime statistics.

Jane Jacobs famously opposed Robert Moses' plan for New York City. She did not hate him. Jacob's efforts were because she loved her neighborhood and she advocated for others in the same situation. She experienced setbacks. It didn't always go well. She never gave up. That resilience only comes from love. Supermodernity is an illusion caused by the excess of information around everyone. History is not happening faster, we're only now aware of it all at once. History moved at the same pace for Jacob's as it does for you and I now, but she did what she could and helped whoever else along the way. Urbanism, like most social movements, works best this way.

Hunter S. Fisher

HOW TO: GRASS NAP

Slope out a nice, lush, sunny, preferably secluded patch, i.e. LAAT, Gardens, etc.

Take off your bag/backpack to use as a pillow, and remove shoes if desired

Lay down in whatever position calls to you at the moment

Touch the grass!

Close your eyes, breathe in and out to absorb the space around you and center how you feel

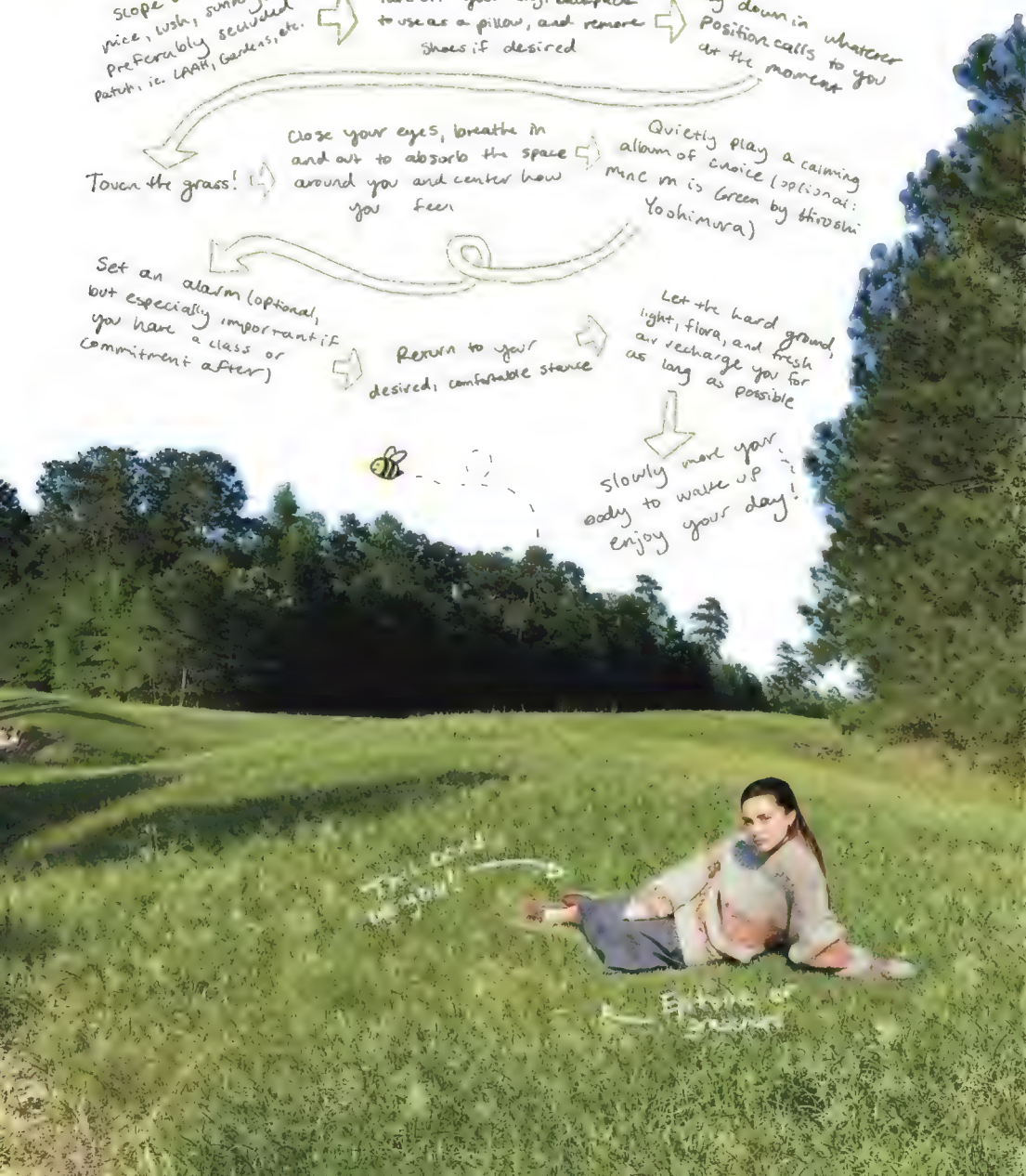
Quietly play a calming album of choice (optional: mine is Green by Shiroshi Yoshimura)

Set an alarm (optional, but especially important if you have a class or commitment after)

Return to your desired, comfortable stance

Let the hard ground, light, flora, and fresh air recharge you for as long as possible

slowly move your body to wake up
enjoy your day!





by ciara

physimmedalia

a poetic spiff and narrative ramble from a girl
drowning in a sea of CDs

In a world of digital haze, where everything's a click away,
I stand here to preach a different tune, to sing a song of yesterday.
Let's talk about the magic in our hands, the power in our grasp,
The beauty of physical media, in a world that's moving fast.

Vinyls spinning, CDs gleaming, DVDs stacked in rows,
Books with pages worn and loved, each one a treasure trove.
In these relics lies a story, a narrative of soul,
Beyond the screens and fleeting bytes, they have a lasting hold.

Let's raise a toast to physical media, to vinyl, CDs, DVDs, and books,
For in their tangible embrace, we find the deepest hooks.
They're more than just possessions, they're keys to worlds untold,
In a digital age, they're treasures worth their weight in gold.



When I first went to college, a family friend gifted me a couple of Bob Marley cassette tapes and a boom box.

When I turned 18, my aunt gave me my first scrapbook. A close friend of mine also gave me the first CDs I could say were my own. Soon after, I became the proud owner of a Janelle Monáe vinyl, and my personal Crosley turntable.

Growing up, physical media was a huge part of my life—still is, really. My dorm room is littered with books and DVDs. Every possible nook and cranny of the comfortable chaos known as my room is surrounded by all kinds of media. Chunky headphones and a portable CD player provide the soundtrack to my life, while books nestle between pillows on my bed, and half-formed ideas adorn every available surface. The sense of ownership bestowed by these tangible relics makes their presence in 2024 all the more meaningful.

So, purchase that CD. Print those photos. Snatch up that newspaper and craft that zine. Let your creative spirit dance amidst the papercuts and the backdrop of vibrant tunes.

Visit your neighborhood library. Take a leisurely stroll to your local record store. Rescue that forgotten Walkman from the shelves of Goodwill.

Invest in Physical Media.

— ciara

🔑 NOW ENTERING...



weezer

TAKEOVER

W
O
O
W
A



Start



I DESIGNED THESE PAGES XD -mariel

BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

Mariel "30,000" "Canva Barbarian" Salomon
(ft. Andres "Bringer of Chaos" "Dune" Gonzalez)

IN THIS ISSUE:

Mariel and Andres are two very normal, well-adjusted weezer fans. Here lies a case study on these two specimen. Bear witness to the weezer yap sesh manifesto of century, now in physical print! You are now entering the weezer zone...be careful, traveler, for these weezer fans demand reparations...
(that is to say, they bite. Or at least one of them does.)



Andres' Weezer Backstory

"If you don't like it, you can shove it, but you don't like it, you love it."

Back in Wilson High, I had a crush on a girl in my science class. At first, I was sure I didn't exist to her. I always wanted to say something, but I figured why bother? Sometime that winter, I wound up getting paired with her in a group project, forcing me to overcome my anxiety. There we were, building our little molecule models of oxygen and carbon dioxide. I'd stammer my way around the conversation, beet red in the face, but she was very friendly and open with me. She was telling me all about how spiritual she was and about how she played the cello and how she decorated her room, and I was doing my best to take mental notes on things to google when I got home so I could impress her next time we talked. I "educated" myself on Eastern spirituality that night, and came to a decision. I got a chair, some scissors, and my Dad's razor in the garage, and shaved my head to try and be a monk. As I lay my freshly bare head on my pillow that night, I dreamt of the intensely romantic conversation we'd have the next day. I was so convinced she'd be absolutely enchanted with my newfound intellect.

Little did I know what would transpire the next day would become something that still haunts me every day. I was daydreaming in history class, learning about Paul Revere, or Cleopatra, maybe it was the Byzantine empire? I honestly couldn't tell you at this point, all I was thinking about was getting to science so I could talk to this girl. As I was getting up and leaving lunch to head to science, my heart started thumping out of my chest. I'd been wearing an awful rad hat so nobody would notice my bald head, and as I took my sweater off in the science room that was always a tad too warm, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around and was greeted by her face, and I nearly instantly had a nervous breakdown.



I rather abruptly told her I was falling for her. I felt like there was no one else, how I dreamt of marrying her and settling down in some state back east, cause I was made for her and she was made for me. she was my mirror image, no other one could ever come close. I confessed to her my spiritual training, revealing my monk mode head to her.



It was then that I realized the whole class was looking at me, and I turned beet red out of shame once more. She seemed rather taken aback, but leaned in to tell me something.

"I'm, like, a lesbian. But we could, like, still be friends? Like, superfriends maybe, if it'd like, make you happier, or something?"

My heart instantly shattered into a thousand pieces. In a panic to save face after making a record of my heart, I told her in an INCREDIBLY nonchalant tone that I never really liked her anyways because she says 'like' too much and I didn't really even know why I even said any of that + it was all a dare and my friends told me to do it.

Ashamed of what I said, I put the hat back on and my earbuds in so I could listen to all my favorite songs (and block out the laughter of my classmates) when a tune I'd never heard before blessed my ears. A glockenspiel intro transitioned into the main verse, I started listening to the lyrics and it felt like the song was perfectly reflecting my inner monologue. I felt so dumb, but this song understood me, and as the guitar solo wailed, so did I. We were good as married in my mind, but married in my mind is no good. I thought I had lost the love of my dreams, but in retrospect on that day I found my one true love in weezer =w=

PUT ME ON MONDAY



Andres G.

perplexed
didn't expect that



to do one
bloodthirsty butchers



day is for
electron music



THE WEEZER SCHOLARSHIP

FINALIST INTERVIEWS

...AS INTERVIEWED BY MARIEL



q: favorite weezer song?



The Good Life, objectively the best song

Sheila Can Do It



My favorite Weezer song is Tired of Sex.

Buddy Holly



Only In Dreams
Weezer



q: blue or pinkerton?



Raditude

We'll say Pinkerton. Blue is fun. But we'll say Pinkerton.



It's hard to say but after coming to terms with... those parts, i'd have to say Pinkerton.

Blue because it's the funny



Buddy Holly

FORTNITE

q: describe weezer.



The Beatles if Paul McCartney was a virgin and a fucking nerd

Anxiety music through and through. I think that's why we got the rest of Weezer's catalog after Pinkerton. Guy went full out and then everyone hated it.



Weezer is a tough band to love, they're awkward, they're weird, they'll put out one of their best albums in years right after the worst shit you've ever heard, but through all that I could never hate them. They're like a cousin that's the same age as you, you fight a lot, but y'all like each other deep down, and eventually grow to appreciate one another.



What is with these homies dissing my girl?

q: tell us about a time you've been discriminated against or faced any hardship for liking weezer.



"My friend group is high school bullied me for liking Weezer. My gf also makes fun of me for liking weezer"

I don't think it's ever been anything serious, but people have definitely called me "virgin" before. I've definitely called people virgin for listening to Weezer.



I can't recall a specific time I was insulted for liking weezer, but I do hate how I feel compelled to not mention that I like them, and when I do I always have to act like it's begrudgingly like "yeah cringe right" but that's stupid! They've made great music!

I once got asked to fill out a survey about my opinions on Weezer. I know I'm a "alternative music listener & student radio kid" stereotype but really??

MEET THE SCHOLARSHIP FINALISTS...

NAYAB
"weezer's neutral"

LUCY
"it's controversial"

ZACH
"weezer's ill"

SER
"weezer's my way"



MARIEL'S WEEZER LORE

zero days weezer sober: story of a tragic girl

WEEZER ISN'T EVEN MY FAVORITE BAND! Did you know that?? Maybe you did. Yeah bro, Blink-182 is my favorite band. But my Spotify Wrapped Top 100 playlist has included an average of 20 Weezer songs in it every year since 2019 - which is scary. I was scared when I first noticed that the weezonavirus was adulterating me - perfusing, permeating, and becoming like a FIFTH of my yearly listening history. I felt positively filthy...so filthy...and so free. But I suppose it tells you where my heart is at, and it tells you whom my heart belongs to: a couple of white guys and their catchy little melodies. They might just be some dudes. But they're MY some dudes.



2019, digital media class project



2021, a weezy wedding cake

American rock band **The Weezerz** have earned themselves a sempiternal spot in the Meme Hall Of Fame as early as the very day of their inception in the 90s. I remember it so vividly. They're dutifully silly and admirably cringe, and they embrace this about themselves. I like that in a band because they're just like me fr (I say this with class). Furthermore, Rivers Cuomo is an alien, a social experiment, and/or a superfreak. I love the man, but if he got too close to me I would most likely start crying (whether it be tears of fear or tears of appreciation for irrevocably impacting my teenage years and how I survived them is up to interpretation).



2021, makings of the weezer shirt



2021, quarantine fanart

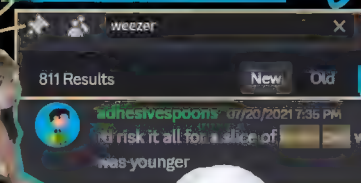
My first exposure to Weezer was when I was like 5, through hearing my brother play *My Name Is Jonas* on Guitar Hero III. However, I wouldn't realize that this song was by Weezer until much, much later because for years I thought it sounded too good to be them 🥰 My first conscious exposure to Weezer was because my older brother bought *Beverly Hills + Ratitude* DLC on Rock Band 3 for some enigmatic reason (perhaps as a prank to doom me to a life of being a weezercel), but even then I didn't really think of it as music. I was just like yeah this is a thing that exists, nice "songs" bro. The details are pretty fuzzy to me and my memories are in like 240p despite extensively chronicling my Weezer journey/fixation/spiral as it was happening in my Discord + Google Docs diaries, BUUUUT the narrative I use now is that a super random mixed bag of Weezer tracks had made their way into my song circulation via Youtube recommendations so by high school, I was a casual fan. But ONE DAY, one EVIL, WICKED, FREAKAZOIDAL, LIFE-CHANGING, SWEATY DAY during the summer after my freshman year of high school, the *White Album* (2016) and *Pinkerton* (1996-∞) clicked in my brain while on a pensive, musical bike ride. Soon after these two albums registered for me and laid their eggs in my ears, Weezer rapidly rose to the forefront of my heart and their songs to the top of the all-time-favorite-songs leaderboards, and at the top is where they stayed. I guess the story of how I got in so deep is I was really sad over quarantine and I simply fixated on them. Way hard. It was a match made in Weezer hell: I was a lonely girl with a lot of free time, Weezer were a fascinating specimen with a great deal of lore. Also I was really really down bad for Brian Bell. He was my first husband, but we are now separated amicably. That was a weird time in my life I'm not gonna lie bro. don't act like you ain't ever had a crush on a random man before...anyway Weezer means everything to me. I worry nothing will ever make me feel this way again tbh...

There are also two Pinkerton posters in my bedroom and I worry people will think I'm a serial killer because of it.

TL;DR: Through every HS heartbreak and beyond, for every minor + major inconvenience, through every hormonal mood swing, through every college breakdown...there are very few consistencies in this quaint little life, but one thing I know for certain is that Weezer will always be there for me, waiting patiently for me to scrobble them once more. And how could I say no to a face like that? Weezer, you beautiful freaky deaky band, you've earned my heart and for the rest of my mortal life you'll keep it. You will always be peak-zer to me. And I love you forever! "No, there is no other one"

Con cariño,
Mariel Salomón

2023, I DREW THIS SKIRT



2021, marriage to brian bell

2013, bro is not playing guitar hero

adhesivespoons 05/09/2021 4:03 AM
somebody needs to rescue me from the
weezer subreddit

GALERÍA DE WEEZER



weezer.com
"so how did all this start?"

12/07/2023 11:53 AM

The weezer yafest

550

botspam

696 new messages since 11:44 PM

(bootleg merch)
weezer

weezer

weezer

weezer

weezer

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adhesivespoons · 02/05/2024 11:41 AM

We could single handedly convert this semester's zine into a weezer fan club art piece

I get jumpscared whenever I look at last semester's zine because of the weezer fanart 🤪

squid · 02/05/2024 11:43 AM

You did that one tho no?

@adhesivespoons We could single handedly convert this semester's zine into a weezer fan club art piece

squid · 02/05/2024 11:43 AM

lowkey i'm down tho weezer takeover 2024



adhesivespoons · 02/05/2024 11:51 AM

i'm down too this is our mark on our world on the org this is legacy

this takeover is now over. you are free.

we've been your hosts, **marie** and **andres**.

never forget what you've learned here today.



WHO'S YOUR BIG TIME HOTTIE? QUIZ!

START

When at the cinema, you pick something...

SALTY

On a night in, I'm watching something...

ROMANTIC

SWEET

You listen to music that's mainly...

SCARY

Your perfect first date would be...

FAST & UPBEAT

SLOW & MOODY

The best holiday is...

DINNER

CLUBBING

VALENTINE'S DAY

HALLOWEEN

At a concert, you prefer to be...

NOSEBLEEDS

BARRICADE

Your crush's super cute style can be described as...

When rushing out the door, you throw on a pair...

EDGY

PREPPY

CONVERSE

HEELS



LADY GAGA

While you used to be wild, you now live a new, quiet life. Focused on yourself and healing, you and Gaga make a perfect match!



KENDALL FROM BIG TIME RUSH

You're a true romantic at heart just like Kendall! You two will have the most perfect dates and he will always leave you with butterflies in your stomach!



MATTY HEALY

You are ready to take on anything and so is Matty! Ranging from an artsy soul to the life of the party, you and Matty embody both. Get ready for a wild, but heartfelt ride!



CHARLI XCX

You're a party girl and so is Charli! Get ready for nights out till 6 am, parties around the globe, and Charli as your perfect partner through it all!

AMORES PRIMAVERALES

de Larissa González


Me acosté en un
campo de sueños,
donde florecen
los girasoles brillantes.

Me quedé en un
área abierta,
donde espero que
me eches una mirada.

El invierno se
ha desvanecido,
y todos los
pingüinos de peluche
se han ido flotando
en sus casquetes polares
para ir a sus casitas.

¿quiero llegar? te sigo esperando. ¿quiero estar contigo. ¿que piensas? ¿ya mero llegar? te sigo esperando. ¿quiero estar contigo. ¿que





Hoy, doblé el
suéter rojo que
tanto te importa.

Es el suéter
que te tejió
tu madre
durante su
último otoño.

Espero que esta
primavera
te traiga muchas
más fortunas,

y que nuestro
amor siga
floreciendo
como lo ha hecho
en cada temporada.

¿cómo te sientes tú?

Dog Days.

with ears raised forward,
and a motion clearly set to strike,
empty insults slither out.
merely taunting, merely testing.
nothing but a game of chicken,
to see who will be the first to bite

by **Diego C.**

but we bark; we bark and growl
until the air blooms with spit and rage,
getting warmer and warmer ^{until neither of us can}
and when silence finally reigns again ^{breathe.}

our interlocking teary eyes will sputter
what our mouths can no longer bear to say.

truth is, we're merely two
looking to fill this aching
with hollow companionship
and though our eyes
our hearts will still wait
just as our miserable

lonely dogs
vacancy
and loyalty
only know hate
for each other
nature dictates

our barren hearts only have each other
and sadly we'll have to learn
to coexist
fame for convenience, violent
for comfort
mournful eyes that are constantly aware
and razor-sharp teeth honed through
all our lying
neck to neck, constantly snarling

we bite.
yet, deep down
we both lack the guts to do so
and we'll keep this cycle going
until we both grow bored and old
forever two dumb mutts

design **Cris L.**

The distant rumble of
the train tracks

The low, foggy
moan of the
whistle.

Somehow I swear
I can smell the
scent of my
old dog. But he's
dead and buried
in my backyard.

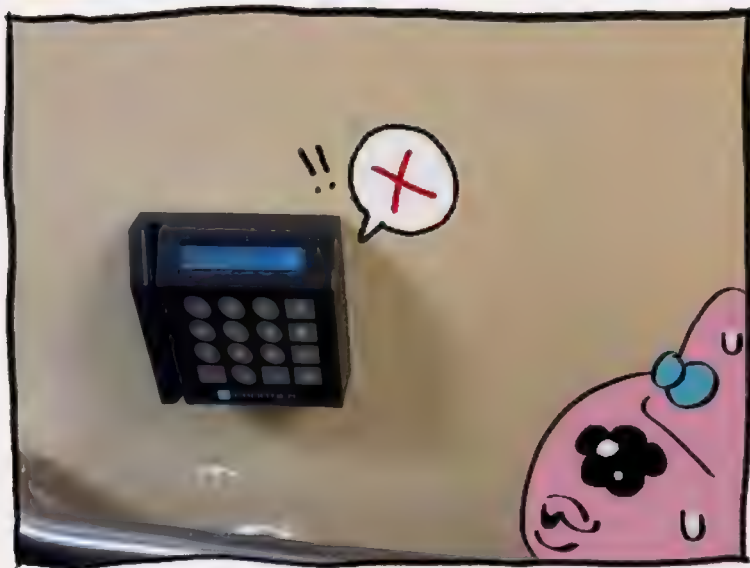
I pretend his
bones aren't rotting
in a box sometimes.
I pretend my old
friend isn't ashes
on a mantle.

I pretend that
I'm real. That
God is real and
it cares about me.

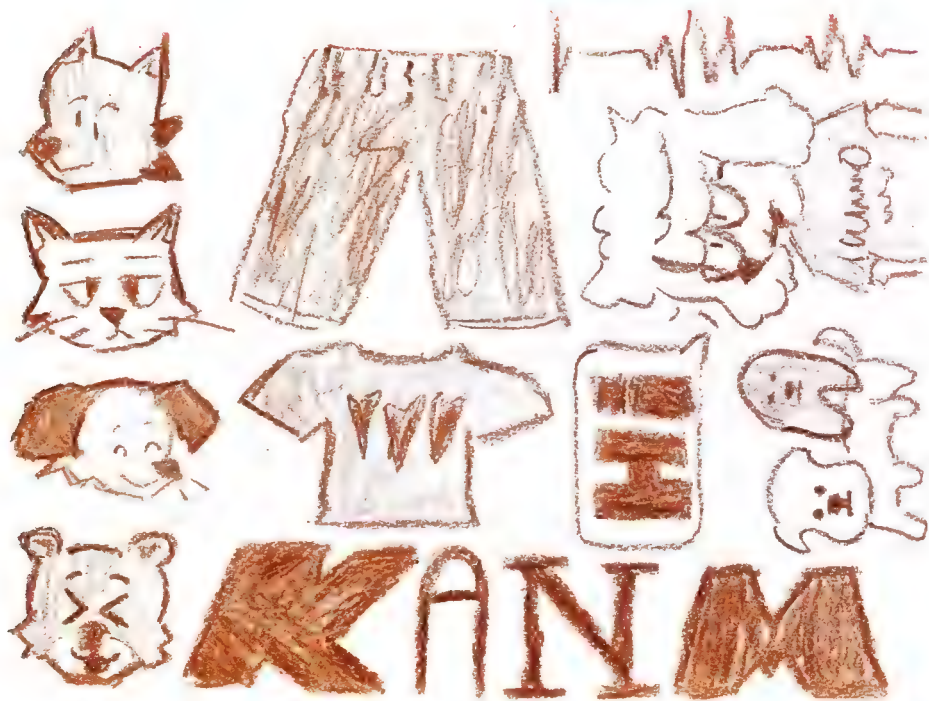
I like to pretend.
I like to imagine
I'm not alone
and
my hands aren't numb
and my back doesn't hurt.

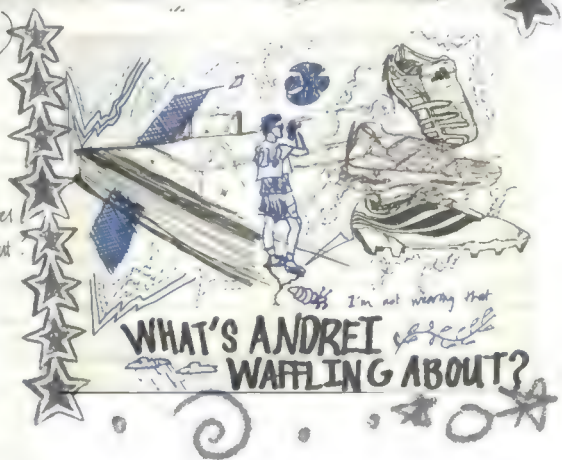
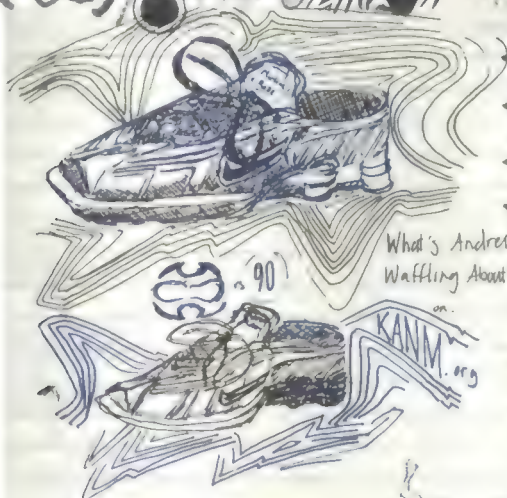
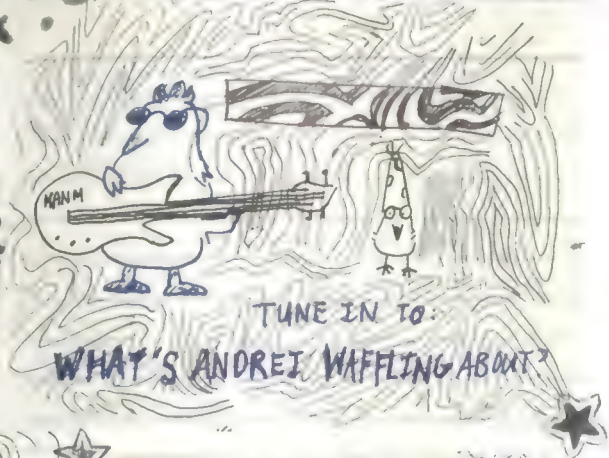
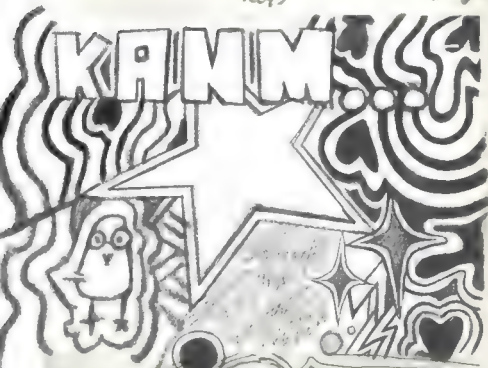
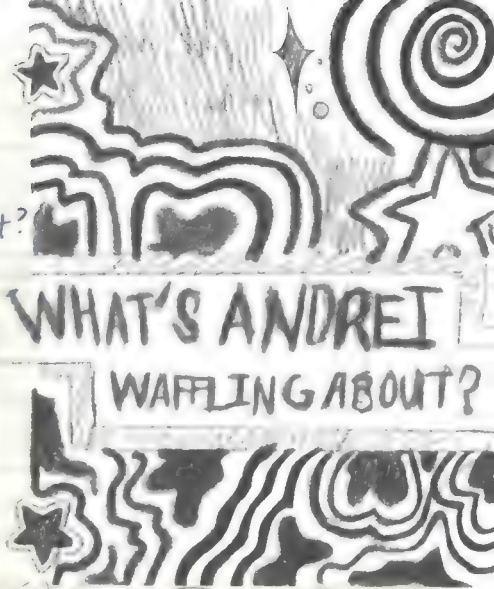
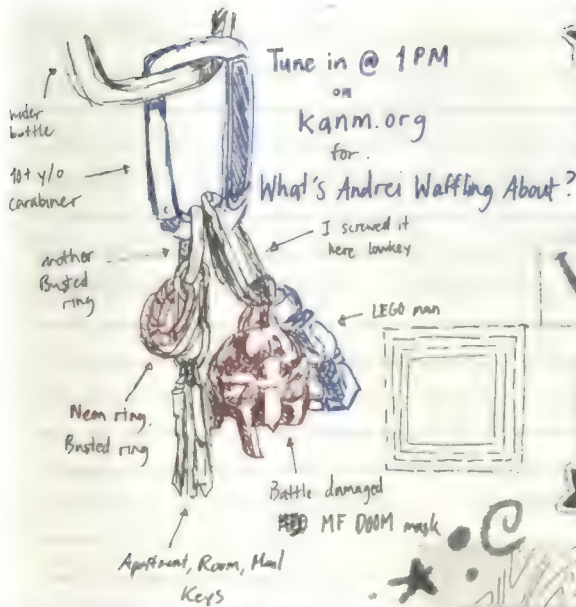
I didn't hurt all those people.
I have no scars
and I can breathe again.

*this is not my character, this is KAWAISOUNI's original creation
please look up "opanchu usagi" on google for dope comics and better
life quality



おしばんちゅうさぎ × KANIM





IT'S

THE 5SOS

SHOW

LIVE IN
THE WOODLANDS!!!

WITH YOUR HOSTS...

Michael
Clifford

Ashton
Irwin

Luke
Hemmings

Calum Hood

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY: GIOVANNA

Sept.
9th 2023

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
milk.

THE BAND

★ LIVE ON TOUR ★

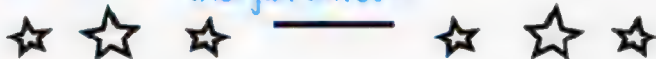
SETLIST
Show Intro-Interests
Treat Me
I've got a friend
You're So
A little more
Temperature &
Lost My Number



morgan wilson



@milk_updates



I've stopped my rambling
I don't do too much gambling these days

Walmart

ST# 0085: OP# 013008 TE# 08 TP# 02

ITEMS SOLD 3
TC# 8049 7697 5767 80

GV PENNE 32	194346157830 F	1 92 0
GV PENNE 32	194346157830 F	1 92 0
GV P DC TOM	078742092170 F	0 96 0
GV TOMS CRS	078742434010 F	1 52 0
LT TUNA-WATR	048000002450 F	1 16 N
LT TUNA-WATR	048000002450 F	1 16 N
GV CHICK PEA	078742199890 F	0 82 0
GV CHICK PEA	078742199890 F	0 82 0
LT TUNA-WATR	048000002450 F	1 16 N
GV MAYO 3002	078742095310 F	3 34 C
FETA CRUMBLE	241716601430 F	2 88
PLUGRA UNSLT	015700213100 F	2 96
GV WP CREAM	605388187170 F	3 37
GV XCRMY OAT	078742280440 F	3 78 0
SIMPLY CRG	025000044000 F	3 98 N
GV NS MNST	078742127330 F	2 22 0
GV BAC THICK	078742194030 F	6 94 0
GV BAC THICK	078742194030 F	6 94 0
GV PARM SH 6	078742281350 F	2 22 0
PK CHORIZO	074562005090 F	1 34 0
PK CHORIZO	074562005090 F	1 34 0
RED BELL	000000046800F	1 48 N
LEMON JUICE	041409000050 F	0 98 N
WHITE MILK	000000046600 F	0 74 N
0 60L lb	0 1 lb /1 24	0 98 N
CELRI STICKS	073150152230 F	1 44 0
JRGD 40 PPR	078742154860 F	0 07 N
JALAPENOS	000000046600 F	5 08 N
0 900 lb	0 1 lb /1 32	5 08 N
RED GRAPE	006600040230KF	5 08 N
1 970 lb	0 1 lb /2 58	5 08 N
RED GRAPE	780465405001 F	5 08 N
1 960 lb	0 1 lb /2 58	5 19 N
RED GRAPE	000000040230KF	1 78 N
2 010 lb	0 1 lb /2 58	1 78 N
PARSLEY	043222800090 F	4 84 N
CTI ANIRO	04222800100 F	3 0
SALAD KIT	230223041020 F	3 0
SALAD KIT	681131387460 F	2 92
SAURDOUGH SL	078742135470 F	2 64
BREAD	07294560140 F	7 76
WAXEP WHIR	072250011370 F	
EGGS 12CT	078742127070 F	
EGGS 36CT	078742127100 F	

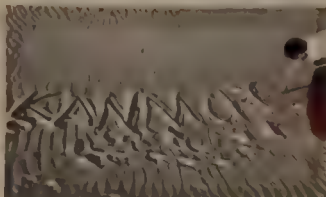
SUBTOTAL 109 7
TOTAL 109 70
NETTY TSP



pc: nymn



pc: sam





pc: charlotte

KING'S
 READING
 THANK YOU

01 14 22 15 34

WHEELS	\$1.50
SPARE	1.50
COPIES	\$3.50
RENTAL	\$1.50
TOTAL	
AMOUNT	\$2.50
TAX	
TOTAL	1.25
	\$ 1.25
CHANGE	\$1.50

על ידי, שר' יע' נע, ארנו
אז ש' יר' נע, ארנו
אז ש' יר' נע, ארנו

BEHR BARN
JUL SUDERBYN DR
RINDUS 183 88345

SALE

Store £740

Batch # 007 PRN 4072066595
03 15 24 14 39 58
Trans ID C15AEDJRM2B3
APPR CODE 604096
MASTERCARD Chip

AMOUNT	\$29 20
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APPROVED

MASTER CARD #121
AP 444444 121
TVR 2 00 0 0 00
TSI 60 00

U.S. AIR

Pistachio Tree Ranch
7320 US HWY 54-70
Alamogordo NM 88310
575-437-0602

SALE

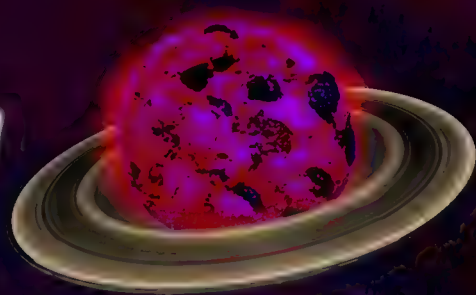
Clerk # 000018
TID 0000kw29 REF# 00000129
Bank ID 000000
Batch # 9165 RRN 074631460003
03.14.24 14.00.04

these days
those days I seem to think about
how all the changes came about my ways
and I wonder if I'd see another highway

@graceartquinn



kai's Astronomical cookies



the tools

- a 1/4 cup
- whisk
- smol spoon
- medium bowl w/ lid
- a little pot & a spatula
- patience by some impala

the ingredients

- 2 sticks of butter
- 6/4 of brown/white sugar
- 2 eggs
- vanilla
- chocolate chips
- 15/8 cup flour
- 1/2 smol spoon salt
- baking soda
- time by childish gombino

the steps

1. brown butter
2. mix the wet together
3. add the dry
4. cover the bowl with chocolate chips
5. let it chill in the fridge for a while
6. Bake @ 325 for at least 12 minutes

notes :

- yes, you have to brown the butter
- no, yours wont turn out the same

Juest Check

Date	Table	Guests	Server	
	#12	KANM	JOY	591890
APPT - SOUP/SAL - ENTREE - VEG/POT - DESSERT - BEV				



Jardier's
(JOY ORDERS)

#1 ICED VANILLA OAT
MILK LATTE

#2 ICED WHITE MOCHA
LAVENDER OAT
MILK LATTE

#3 ICED MATCHA OAT
MILK VANILLA LATTE

#4 CAPPUCINO W/OAT
MILK, VANILLA
+ CINNAMON

#5 ICED SAGE/LAVENDER
OAT MILK LATTE
+ SOFT TOP

Tax

Total

CHOICE

105GC36

Guest Receipt

Date	Amount	Guests	Server	
	\$19.73			591890

Kathy Dou

v important

game
landing
announcements
ask officers
resource
music-upload-log
bug-fix-log

v welcome

introductions
greetings

v station vibes
call-in

vibing

grrl
emote-suggestions

memes
scrapbook
pet-pics
positivity
neutral

complaining
daily-puzzles
pottings

TAMU STUDENT ORGS 3
750 AGRONOMY RD
COLLEGE STATION, TX 77843
979-845-2756

SALE

MID: 6017743

TD: 021

DID: 0001

Batch #: 065001

03/05/2024

REF#: 00000016

RRN: 00000016

13:34:18

CVD: S

			3			9	
1		9	8	6		4	
			2				
	3			4			1
5		2				8	
4				7			2
7					1		
	5	6		2		1	4

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confessions
dreams
birthdays
sports
advice
the station

v media
movies R+V
fit-check

gaming
bot spam
books
music
daylists-playlists

Discord Channels



Brandon Puig
Engineer



Engineer

Ananya Das



Amanda Jane Oates
PR Director

PR Director



Seb Ortiz

Assistant Music Director



Zak Mukthar

Engineer



Nayab Warach

Webmaster



Matthew Santiago

Assistant PR



Payton Psillides

Assistant Music Director



Music Director

Luke Rodriguez



Joy Mpagi

Secretary

Station Manager

Elen Rudd



Programming Director

Charlie Hubenak



Caspar Ibarra



Booking Director

Sofia 'Wynn' Wynn



Finance Director

Joshua Hayes



Zine Editor in Chief

Izzy Petersen



Videographer

Webmaster

Member Affairs



Naymal Siddiqui

Mariel Solomon

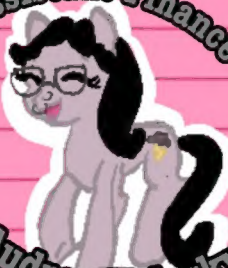


Tayla Diza



Webmaster

Assistant Finance



Audrey Velesky

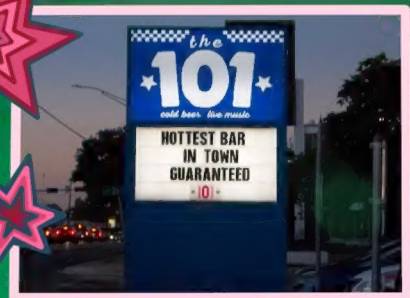
Rory Caballero

Assistant Videographer



2023

KANM PRESENTS:
**SAVE
THE
MUSIC**



KANM SPRING '24 SHOW SCHEDULE

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
7:00 AM		Show name pending but Girl Near You			No such luck	Take a will pill	
8:00 AM	Ear Infection	Shine & Silence			Kyle and Benji in the Morning	Limbo radio	Squawk!
9:00 AM	Words and things for 200, Riddit	Get to the ground			SEO Dicks	Help Im Stuck in This Web	the ill pill
10:00 AM	everything's coming up, Charlie	Samba 22	How do You?	Life Heitz	souvenisa	Chips & Salsa	The Record Hub
11:00 AM	BAD SPORTS*	Memories and Treasures	Chiczyland	Musical Madness Hour	Big Time Bangerz	The Groove bus to Fungui City	The Vibe Train
12:00 PM	Solitare Music	alignments	J-Broogies Quest for the Ultimate Funk	Sounds of the Underground	GASLIGHT GATKEEP BIS EM	Y's Women	Lost in The Space
1:00 PM	moodling	chronically online: a cool girl monologue	What's Andrew Wanting About?	The Rose Garden	Howdy Cowboy	Sound and Vision	at the funki's
2:00 PM	It's Always Sunny at KAM	devour hour	Consistently Inconsistent	normal girl show	Peachie Icecream	Cherry Bomb	The Beat Bazaar
3:00 PM	Feeding the Void	Premises to be Valued in the Tardis Chamber the final	Melton Music, Caring Safe	Frignyfel	neutrize	Stream and Stan	In the Mood for Loveless
4:00 PM	Frecks and Genks	The Underground Hour	Conveniently Vague	Cas corner	Getting Slayy With It.	60 minutes of silence: final cut	Dazed and Confused
5:00 PM	the cerulean hour	The Trenchy Show	Out the Space	Ties Leashes	agave fresca	GMC Reviews	On Site
6:00 PM	get third ag off the radio!	hey, im gonna here!	Letters from Elysium	Howdy Doody Time	Tail Mix	Flash Hour	MN's Connections
7:00 PM	Sundays Searies	Flood Day	Talk 2 Trees	The H-Hack Variety Hour 3	Let's Talk Business an AOTV Show	Fight Night	Cowboy Conference
8:00 PM	JAC	Mooney Blues	Love Everyone Forever	Liver Notes	Courtney's Barbs Dances	Hang the DJ	
9:00 PM	All the Toppings	To: You From Lucy	Head of a Hammer	The Club	The Confidant Abyss	Bad Music for Bad People	
10:00 PM	Sundays Songs	moonflower	10 inch Mole	Incase and in Pain: Tokyo Drill	10:49 PM	Night Owl Jam w/ Hayden	
11:00 PM	Said Seicals	Free Down Stream	Countdown to Midnight	Peak Music	Tubthumping	Morning in Planet Elysium	
12:00 AM			Ball Roomers Only			Dancing Greatly	
1:00 AM							

Ritt Momney Every thing But the Girl
Blink 182 Weezer Bring Me the Horizon
Hundred Boys Drake Big Thief
Am Snow Strippers Home is where
Worape Osamason The Weeknd
Wallows Alex G Mitski BTS Alice in Chains
MUNA Betcover!!! Sufjan Stevens Linkin Park
Bjork ASAP Rocky JPEGMAFIA Kittie
Upchuck Yo La Tengo
Faye Webster The Beach Boys

KANIM FAVORITE ARTISTS

Tim Hecker
Priori
Queer
Deftones One Pilot The 1975
Smino Twenty Stray Kids Pixies
Pierce The Veil Machine Girl
Jean Dawson serj Tankian
King Krule Bladee Joeyy Norma Jean
Phf Evilgiane System of a Down
The Living Tombstone Claire David
Sade Julee Cruise Kesha Guided by Voices
Childish Gambino The Sundays
5 Seconds of Summer Hania Rani